

THACKERAY'S LECTURES ON THE GEORGES.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

(Continued from the last issue of THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.)

If, in looking at the lives of princes, courtiers, men of rank and fashion, we must perform a duty, we must make allowances for the rich men's failings, and recollect that we, too, were very likely indolent and voluptuous, had we no motive for work, a mortal's natural taste for pleasure, and the daily temptation of a large income. What could a great peer, with a great castle and park, and a great fortune, do but be splendid and idle? In these letters of Lord Carlisle's from which I have been quoting, there is many a just complaint made by the kind-hearted young nobleman of the state which he is obliged to keep, the magnificence in which he must live, the idleness to which his position as a peer of England bound him. Better for him had he been a lawyer at his desk or a clerk in his office; a thousand times better clerk for his education, his employment, security from temptation. A few years since the profession of arms was the only one which our nobles could follow. The Church, the bar, medicine, literature, the arts, commerce, were below them. It is to the middle class we must look for the safety of England: the working educated men, away from Lord North's bribery in the senate; the good clergy, not corrupted into parasites by hopes of preferment; the printers pursuing their gentle calling; the men of letters in their quiet studies—these are the men whom we love and like to read of in the last age. How small the grandees and the men of pleasure look beside them! how contemptible the trifling of the III court squabbles are beside the recorded talk of dear old Johnson! What is the grandest entertainment at Windsor compared to a night at the club over its modest cups, with Percy and Langton and Johnson, and poor Boswell at the table? I declare I think of all the polite men of that age, Joshua Reynolds was the finest gentleman. And they were good, as well as witty and wise, those dear old friends of the past. Their minds were not debauched by excess or effeminacy, but by the influence of their noble day's labor; they rested, and took their kindly pleasure; they cheered their holiday meetings with generous wit and hearty interchange of thought; they were no prudes, but no blunderers; they followed their conversation; they were merry, but not out of their count. Ah! I would have liked a night at the Turk's Head, even though bad news had arrived from the colonies, and Doctor Johnson was growling against the rebels; to have sat with him and Goldy, and have heard Burke, the finest talker in the world; and to have had Garrick flashing it with a story from his theatre—I like, I say, to think of that society; and not more how pleasant and how wise, but how good they were. I think of the going home one night from the club that Edmund Burke—his noble soul full of great thoughts, be sure, for they never left him; his heart full of gentleness—was accosted by a poor wandering woman, to whom he spoke words of kindness; and moved by the tears of this Margaret, having caused them by the good words he spoke to her—he took her home to the house of his wife and children, and never left her until he had found the means of restoring her to honesty and labor. Oh, you fine gentlemen, you learned men, Selwyns, and Christchurche, how small you look by the side of these great men! Good-natured Carlisle plays at cricket all day, and dances in the evening "till he can scarcely crawl," gayly contrasting his superior virtue with George Selwyn's "being tried to bed by two wretches at midnight with three pots of claret in him." Do you remember the verses—the sacred verses—which Johnson wrote on the death of his humble friend Levett?

"Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett's distant name to me now dear;
Omissions, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.
"In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever near;
Where hopeless agonies pursued the groan,
And lonely wait retired to die.
"No summons mocked by chaff delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day,
The toll of every day supplied.
"His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a name for him a word;
And sure the Eternal Master found
His single talent well employed."

Whose name looks the brightest now, that of Queensberry the wealthy duke, or Selwyn the wit, or Levett the poor physician? I hold old Johnson (and shall we not pardon James Boswell and his sins for his sake?) to be the great superior of the British monarchy and Church during the last age—better than whole benches of bishops, better than Pitts, Norths, and the great Burke himself. Johnson was a sort of oracle, and the oracle declared for Church and king. What a humanity! the old man had! He was a kindly partaker of all honest pleasures; a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners. What boys are you for a frolic? he cries, when Tom Beauchamp comes and wakes him up at midnight: "I'm with you." And away he goes, tumbling on his humbly old clothes, and trundles through Covent Garden with the young fellows. When he used to frequent Garrick's theatre, and had "the liberty of the scene," he says, "All the actresses knew me, and dropped me a courtesy as they passed to the stage." That would make a pretty picture—it is a pretty picture in my mind—of youth, folly, gayety, tenderly surveyed by wisdom's merciful, pure eyes.

George III and his queen lived in a very unpretending but elegant house, in the side of the hideous pile under which his granddaughter at present resides. The king's mother inhabited Carlton House, which contemporary prints represent with a perfect parade of a garden, with trim lawns, green arcades, and vistas of classic statues. The king lent the company with my Lord Bute, who had a fine classic taste, and sometimes council took, and sometimes tea, in the pleasant green arbors along with that polite nobleman. Bute was hated with a rage which there have been few examples in English history. He was the butt of everybody's abuse; for Wilkes's devilish mischief; for Churchill's slashing satire; for the hooting of the mob that roasted the boot, his emblem, in a theatrical manner; that hated him because he was a favorite and a Scotchman calling him "Mortimer," "Lothario." I know not what names, and accusing his royal mistress of all sorts of crimes—the grave, learned, demure elderly woman, who, I dare say, was quite as good as her neighbors. Chatham lent the side of his great malice to influence the popular sentiment against her. He assailed, in the House of Lords, "the secret influence, more mighty than the throne itself, which betrayed and cloaked every misdeed." The most furious pamphlets echoed the cry, "Impose on the king's mother," was scribbled over every wall at the court end of the town. Walpole tells us, "What had she done? What had Frederick, Prince of Wales, George's father, done, that he was so loathed by George III? Let us not seek for stones to batter that forgotten grave, but acquiesce in the contemporary epiphany over him!"

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
Had it been his father,
I had much rather
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

The widow, with eight children around her, prudently reconciled herself and good-will. A won the old man's confidence and good-will. A shrewd, hard, domineering, narrow-minded woman, she educated her children according to her lights, and spoke of the eldest as a dull, good

boy. She kept him very close; she held the tightest rein over him; she had curious prejudices and bigotries. His uncle, the Earl of Cumberland, taking down a sabre once, and drawing it to amuse the child, the boy started back and turned pale. The prince felt a generous shock, "What must they have told him about me?" he asked.

His mother's bigotry and hatred he inherited with the courageous obstinacy of his own race, but he was a firm believer where his fathers had been free thinkers, and a true and fond supporter of the Church, of which he was the titular defender. Like other dull men, the king was all his life suspicious of superior people. He did not like Fox; he did not like Reynolds; he did not like Nelson, Chatham, Burke; he was testy at the idea of all innovations, and suspicious of all innovators. He loved mediocrities; Benjamin West was his favorite painter; Beattie was his poet. The king lamented, not without pathos, in his latter life, that his education had been neglected. He was a dull lad, brought up by narrow-minded people. The cleverest tutors in the world could have done little, probably, to expand that small intellect, though they might have improved his tastes, and taught his perceptions some generosity.

But he admired as well as he could. There is little doubt that a letter, written by the little Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz—a letter containing the most feeble commonplaces about the horrors of war, and the horrors of the young monarch greatly, and decided him upon selecting the young princess as the sharer of his throne. I pass over the stories of his juvenile loves, Hannah Lightfoot, the Quaker, to whom they say he was actually married (though I don't know who has ever seen the register)—of lovely, black-haired Sarah Lennox, about whose beauty Walpole has written in raptures, and who used to be in wait for the young prince, and make a play at the house at Holland House. He sighed and he longed, but he rode away from her. Her picture still hangs in Holland House, a magnificent masterpiece of Reynolds, a canvas worthy of Titian. She looks from the castle window, holding a bird in her hand. Blackie's young Charles Fox, her nephew. The royal bird flew away from lovely Sarah. She had to figure as bridemaid at her little Mecklenburg rival's wedding, and died in our own time a quiet old lady, who had become the mother of a hero, Napier.

They say the little princess who had written the fine letters about the horrors of war—a beautiful letter, without a single blot, for which she was to be rewarded, like the heroine of the old spelling book story—was at play one day with some of her young companions in the gardens of Strelitz, and that the young ladies' conversation was, strange to say, about husbands. "Who will take such a poor little princess as me?" Charlotte said to her friend Ida von Bollenow, and at the very moment the postman's horn sounded, and Ida said, "Princess, there is the sweetheart." As she said, so it actually turned out. The postman brought letters from the splendid young King of England, who said, "Princess, because you write such a beautiful letter, which does credit to your head and heart, come and be Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and the true wife of your most obedient servant, George." So she jumped for joy, and went up stairs and packed all her little trunks, and so she went away for her kingdom in a beautiful yacht, with a harsheir on board for her to play upon, and around her a beautiful fleet, all covered with flags and streamers, and the distinguished Admiral Auerbach complimented her with an ode, a translation of which may be read in the *Gentleman's Magazine* to the present day:

"Her gallant navy through the main
Now cleaves its liquid way,
There to their queen a chosen train
Of nymphs do convey her."

"Europa, when conveyed by Jove
To Crete's distant shore,
Greater attention scarce could prove,
Or respected more."

They met, and they were married, and for years they led the happiest, simplest lives ever led by married couple. It is said the king when he first saw his homely little bride; but, however that may be, he was a true and faithful husband to her, as she was a faithful and loving wife. They had the simplest pleasures—the very mildest and simplest—little country dances, to which a dozen couples were invited, and where the hostess king would stand up and dance for three hours at a time to one tune; after which delicious excitement they would go to bed without any supper (the court people grumbling sadly at that absence of supper), and get up quite as fresh and bright in the morning, and perhaps the next night have another dance, or the queen would play on the spinet—the king played pretty well, Haydn said—or the king would read to her a paper out of the *Spectator*, or perhaps one of his own sermons. (Arcadia! what a life it must have been!) There used to be Sunday drawing-rooms at court; but the young king stopped these, as he stopped all that led to dissipation whereof we have made mention. Not that George was averse to any innocent pleasures, or pleasures which he thought innocent. He was a patron of the arts, after his fashion; kind and gracious to the artists whom he favored, and respectful to their calling. He wanted once to establish an Order of Minerva for literary and scientific characters; the knights were to take the rank after the lights of the Bath, and to sport a straw-colored ribbon and a star of sixteen points. But there was such a row among the *aristoi* as to the persons who should be appointed, that the plan was given up, and Minerva and her star never came down among us.

He objected to painting St. Paul's as Popish practice; accordingly, the most clumsy heathen sculptures decorate the edifice at present. It is fortunate that the paintings, too, were spared, for painting and drawing were wholly unground in the close of the last century; and it is far better for our eyes to contemplate whitewash (when we turn them away from the clergyman) than to look at Ope's puffy canvases, or Fuseli's livid monsters. And yet there is one day in the week—a day when old George would sit with all his heart to attend it—when I think St. Paul's presents the noblest sight in the whole world; when five thousand charity children, with cheeks like nosegays, and sweet fresh voices, sing the hymn which makes every heart thrill with praise and happiness. I have seen a hundred grand sights in the world—coronations, Parliaments, splendors, Crystal Palace openings, Pope's chapels with their processions of long-tailed cardinals and quavering choirs of fat sopranos—but think in all Christendom there is no such sight as Charity Children Day. *Veni Angli, et angeli*. As one looks at that beautiful multitude of innocents, as the first note strikes, indeed one may almost fancy that cherubs are singing.

Of church music the king was always very fond, showing such skill in it both as a critic and a performer. Many stories, mythical and affecting, are told of his behavior at the concerts which he ordered. When he was blind and ill, he chose the music for the "Ancient Concerts once, and from *Samson Agonistes*, and all had reference to his blindness, his captivity, and his affliction. He would beat time with his music-roll as they sang the anthem in the Chapel Royal. If the page below was talkative or inattentive, down came the music-roll on the young scapegrace's powdered head. The throne was always his delight. His bishops and clergy used to attend, thinking it no shame to appear where that good man was seen. He is said not to have cared for Shakespeare or tragedy much; but he loved the romances, and he loved especially when clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages, he would laugh so outrageously that the lovely princess by his side would have to say, "My gracious monarch, do compose yourself. But he continued to laugh at the very smallest farces, as long as his poor wife were left him."

[To be continued in our next issue.]

—Scientific men say that there should be some iron in food, so that electricity can invigorate the system. To have the iron enter the soul is not bad after all.

—No less than one hundred newspapers have been started and perished in the District of Columbia since the seat of government was established at Washington.

FINANCIAL.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

THEIR FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS AS AN INVESTMENT.

The rapid progress of the Union Pacific Railroad, now building west from Omaha, Nebraska, and forming, with its western connections, an unbroken line across the continent, attracts attention to the value of the First Mortgage Bonds which the Company now offer to the public. The first question asked by prudent investors is, "Are these bonds secure?" Next, "Are they a profitable investment?" To reply in brief—

First. The early completion of the whole great line to the Pacific is as certain as any future business event can be. The Government grant of over twenty million acres of land and fifty million dollars in its own bonds practically guarantees it. One-fourth of the work is already done, and the track continues to be laid at the rate of two miles a day.

Second. The Union Pacific Railroad bonds are issued upon what promises to be one of the most profitable lines of railroad in the country. For many years it must be the only line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, and being without competition, it can maintain remunerative rates.

Third. Sixty miles of this road are finished, and fully equipped with depots, locomotives, cars, etc., and two trains are daily running each way. The materials for the remaining 14 miles to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains are on hand, and it is under contract to be done in September.

Fourth. The net earnings of the sections already finished are several times greater than the gold interest upon the First Mortgage bonds upon such sections, and if not another mile of the road were built, the part already completed would not only pay interest and expenses, but be profitable to the Company.

Fifth. The Union Pacific Railroad bonds can be issued only as the road progresses, and therefore can never be in the market unless they represent a bona fide property.

Sixth. That amount is strictly limited by law to a sum equal to what is granted by the United States Government, and for which it takes a second lien as its security. This amount upon the first 617 miles west from Omaha is only \$16,000 per mile.

Seventh. The fact that the United States Government considers a second lien upon the road a good investment, and that some of the surest railroad bonds of the country have already paid in five million dollars upon the stock (which is to them a third lien), may well inspire confidence in a first lien.

Eighth. Although it is not claimed that there can be any better securities than Governments, there are parties who consider a first mortgage upon such a property as this the very best security in the world, and who sell their Governments to reinvest in these bonds, thus securing a greater interest.

Ninth. As the Union Pacific Railroad bonds are offered for the present at 90 cents on the dollar and accrued interest, they are the cheapest security in the market, being 10 per cent. less than United States stocks.

Tenth. At the current rate of premium on gold they pay

OVER NINE PER CENT. INTEREST.

The daily subscriptions are already large, and they will continue to be received in Philadelphia by THE TRADESMEN'S NATIONAL BANK, DE HAVEN & BROTHER, 111 N. 3RD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN J. CISCO, TREASURER, 718 N. 3RD ST., NEW YORK.

HARRISBURG, JUNE 29, 1867.

TO THE HOLDERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

DUE JULY 1, 1868.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE SINKING FUND WILL RECEIVE PROPOSALS UNTIL SEPTEMBER 3, 1867, FOR THE REDEMPTION OF

ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

Loans of this Commonwealth

DUE JULY 1, 1868.

Holders will address their proposals to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and endorsed "PROPOSALS FOR THE REDEMPTION OF LOANS OF 1862."

FRANCIS JORDAN, SECRETARY OF STATE.

JOHN E. HARTMAN, AUDITOR-GENERAL.

WILLIAM H. KENNEL, STATE TREASURER.

FINANCIAL.

NEW STATE LOAN. NOTICE

TO THE HOLDERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

Free from all State, County, and Municipal Taxation.

Will be furnished in sums to suit, on application to either of the undersigned:

JAY COOKE & CO., DREXEL & CO., E. W. CLARKE & CO.

BANKING HOUSE

JAY COOKE & CO., 718 N. 3RD ST., PHILA.

Dealers in all Government Securities.

OLD 5-20s WANTED IN EXCHANGE FOR NEW.

A LIBERAL DIFFERENCE ALLOWED.

Compound Interest Notes Wanted.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

Collections made. Stocks bought and sold on Commission.

Special business accommodations reserved for ladies.

7 3-10s, ALL SERIES, CONVERTED INTO

Five-Twenties of 1865,

JANUARY AND JULY, WITHOUT CHARGE.

BONDS DELIVERED IMMEDIATELY.

DE HAVEN & BROTHER, 111 N. 3RD ST., PHILA.

U. S. SECURITIES A SPECIALTY.

SMITH, RANDOLPH & CO., BANKERS AND BROKERS,

NO. 108 THIRD ST., NO. 3 NASSAU ST., PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK.

ORDERS FOR STOCKS AND GOLD EXECUTED IN PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK.

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STOVES, RANGES, ETC.

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RANGES OF ALL SIZES.

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A fine assortment of PAPER-MACHE GOODS. This is the largest retail establishment in this city in Philadelphia, and citizens and strangers will find to their advantage to examine our stock before purchasing.

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The undersigned beg leave to inform the public that they are furnishing, in large quantities, show Cards and display, Gold-Letter, suitable for outdoor and indoor use. They are superior to work done by hand, as regards finish and durability, and can be furnished for less than one-half the price. Also, Paper Cutters as usual.

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